

socordia by handydandynotebook

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Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

“Are you ready to tell me what you did with my shit?”

“I t-told you, I didn’t take it.”

“Wrong answer.” Susan’s skull makes a thunk when it connects with the slick, slimy shower wall. Her limbs fold out from under her and then she’s recumbent, mouth gaping wide.

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Author's Note:

this is not going to make any sense if u didn't read the other parts of this series. it's cracktastic af.

um. irdk. this 'verse would srsly be a comedy in better hands. officially added yet another background crossover, so that makes six now. wait, no, seven. seven. i mean, it's obvi mainly st and ck but every named inmate is from smth.

Susan's pretty tall but she isn't sturdy, isn't steady. She's relatively easy to knock over, really. Cath's dealt with bigger problems. One boot to the back of the knee and she goes right down, crashing hard to the scuzzy, filmy tile.

She calmly reaches over Susan's form and shuts the shower off. "Are you ready to tell me what you did with my shit?"

Susan braces herself on her hands and knees, brings up shaky fingers to sweep the sodden red cascade out of her face. Cath watches a water droplet break free and fall from the rosy bud of her nipple, swipes her tongue over her lips. Susan's a goddamn bombshell and things could be so much different if she weren't so stubborn.

"I t-told you, I didn't take it."

"Wrong answer." Cath kicks her again, squarely in the stomach. She hears the breath punt right out of the other woman's lungs, kicks her again before she can recover herself, right in the head.

Susan's skull makes a thunk when it connects with the slick, slimy shower wall. Her limbs fold out from under her and then she's recumbent, mouth gaping wide.

Cath listens to the ugly, throaty sound Susan makes as she sucks in a ragged breath, Alex and Pat snickering at her back. Fucking sadist bitches, in here for some nasty shit they did to some chick on the beach with a wine bottle. They'll probably go fool around with each other after this. Cath takes no pleasure in it herself. She never wanted to have to hurt Susan of all people, but she can't just let her get away with stealing, either.

"Your amnesia cured yet?"

"I...didn't...take it," Susan rasps out, struggling to rise.

"Jesus." Kick. "Christ." Kick. "I'm." Kick. "Not." Kick. "Stupid." Kick.

Cath crouches down and jerks Susan's head up by the soaked red tresses, watches darker red blood stream down from a wound under her hairline. It parts into two thinner streams around the bridge of her nose. They weep into her dry, chapped lips, filling the flaky cracks with crimson.

"You're testing my patience, Sue."

Susan meets her gaze, doesn't even squirm, slack as a marionette with severed strings.

"You give me grief about Tory's part in my little business and the next thing I know, the stash she was supposed to distribute goes missing. And just that stash?" Water is squeezed from Susan's hair as Cath clenches her fist, cool as it trickles through her fingers. "That can't be a coincidence."

Susan says nothing. She blinks and almost seems to slip out of the moment. Doesn't seem to be looking at Cath anymore.

"Did you hide it? Did you flush it? If you flushed it, you cost me a pretty penny, but forgiveness is still on the table here as long as you tell the truth." It wouldn't be for anyone else. She'd kill anybody else, or at least get them sent to solitary. But Susan isn't just anybody.

Susan was Neil's wife and that means they share something she doesn't share with anyone else in here. Susan killed Neil and that means something important to her too. Cath sleeps easier at night

with the satisfaction she outlived the bastard. With the knowledge he's rotting in the earth, earthworms eating through his dead sorry ass.

"I don't want to hurt you," Cath says, plain and soft. "You helped take care of my boy on the outside and helped take care of my girl on the inside. We should be best buds. We should be drinking hooch and playing cards, but what you did was just unacceptable. And I can only give you so much time to fess up about your fuck up before I have to get mean."

Susan doesn't speak. She tucks into herself like a pillbug, arms and legs drawn up tight. Cath crackles with ire, puts every ounce of restraint she possesses into not ripping the moldy plastic liner down from the rod and strangling her with it. She releases Susan's hair and stands.

"You have one more week to remember what you did with my shit," Cath decides.

"Hey, she's already had like a month," Pat pipes in.

"Did I ask for your input?" she glances back.

Pat crinkles her nose, crosses her arms, but wisely shuts up.

"I can wait a week." Alex shrugs. "I've gotta get to art class soon anyway."

"Go to your art class then. Do your fingerprinting, take your girlfriend with you." Cath waves them off. "Art's therapeutic, maybe it'll cool her jets."

"You sure you're good here?"

"Mhm."

Pat swivels around her to deliver one quick kick to Susan's curled form. Her body jerks but she doesn't make a sound. Then the duo sidle off, lackadaisical. They aren't the brightest crayons in the box, but they get bored easily and it's a dangerous kind of boredom. They do what she needs them to and it's enough.

“Just me and you now,” Cath hums. “If you were gonna fight back, now would be a good time.”

But Susan isn't going to fight back. She's naked and shivering like some hairless infantile rodent. Bootprints blare red on her arms and legs. A bloody fingernail dangles from one pinky, only hanging on by a thin thread of flesh. Cath didn't quite mean to do that, but oh well. It'll grow back.

This is the woman who killed her— *their* husband. Maybe it should feel incongruent to behold, the one who who bashed Neil's brains to mush tucked into herself in the corner of a disgusting scummy shower stall. But Cath supposes anybody can get lucky once. Not everyone can be the best versions of themselves everyday. Some people lose themselves in here entirely. Cath thinks she might be the exception, that she knows every nook and cranny of this godforsaken place, she's sick of every brick, but fucking thrives in the cracks.

“I'm not a cruel person at heart, Susan. I really wish you didn't make me do this.” Cath tips her head, contemplates reaching out with a thoughtful frown. “Do you want help up?”

Susan blinks at her, bleary, brow furrowing.

“Come on.” Cath stretches out a hand. “Tory'll be off the track soon. Don't want her to see you like this, do you?”

After a long moment, her arms unwrap from her body and she puts her limp, clammy hand in Cath's. Cath holds it tight and with the opposite grips her elbow, pulling the other woman to her feet. She totters, a tad disoriented. Her left eye is starting to puff up, violet crescent below the lower lid. There's some violet on her breasts too, mottled petals about the size of fingertips. Those ones have nothing to do with Cath.

“...it's wrong. Do you want her to get more time?”

“Oh, screw you.” Cath huffs, releases her grip on Susan. “She makes good money, all things considered. We both do, I'm taking care of her.”

“Not if she gets caught.” Susan’s frown is firm.

“Do you know how many guards I pay off?”

“I know it’s not all of them. I know she already got extra time because of—“

Cath hooks her boot around the side of Susan’s knee this time, prickling with annoyance as she falters to the floor.

“Tory knew what she was doing. She understood the risks. Sometimes you have to take risks to get somewhere, Sue, it’s not rocket science. Certain risks are worth taking. But I guarantee one that isn’t worth taking is continuing to hold out on me.”

“I’m not,” Susan claims, a broken record, wobbly legs almost giving way as she hauls herself to her feet. “I didn’t take anything from you.”

Cath wants to believe her, but wanting something to be true and knowing it to be true are two very different things.

Author's Note:

okay, i've officially done the pov of every relevant character, i think that means i've gotten this 'verse outta my system now. gonna set my literary crack pipe aside and refocus.